Ivery and Internet

(Collection of Child Stories)

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TABLE OF CONTENT:

1. Iveri and Internet	3
2. Palpasa's Realigation	7
3. Sagacious Sulav	10
4. Facebook and Friendship	12
5. Archana's Innocence	18
6. Anita's Determaination	21
7. Jeni and shower	24
8. Rote Learning	28

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Iveri and Internet

''Exam is coming closer. Do hard work and stand first. Then you'll have internet facility." Ramesh asked Ivery convincingly.

Ivery studies in grade six now. She always insists on getting internet connected in her own home. However, her parents were concerned since she might spoil her study. Her father convinced her to meet her demand and Ivery became happy. Meanwhile, second term exam was getting closer so she began to study laboriously.

''Mom, mom ! I stood first." Ivery informed her mother gladly, "now internet should be connected !." Ivery became very pleased on being first.

"Sorry, you don't need to have any internet. Don't you know that Yashashwi's father has complained her of getting her study spoilt ?," Ivery's mother gave her a cold shoulder.

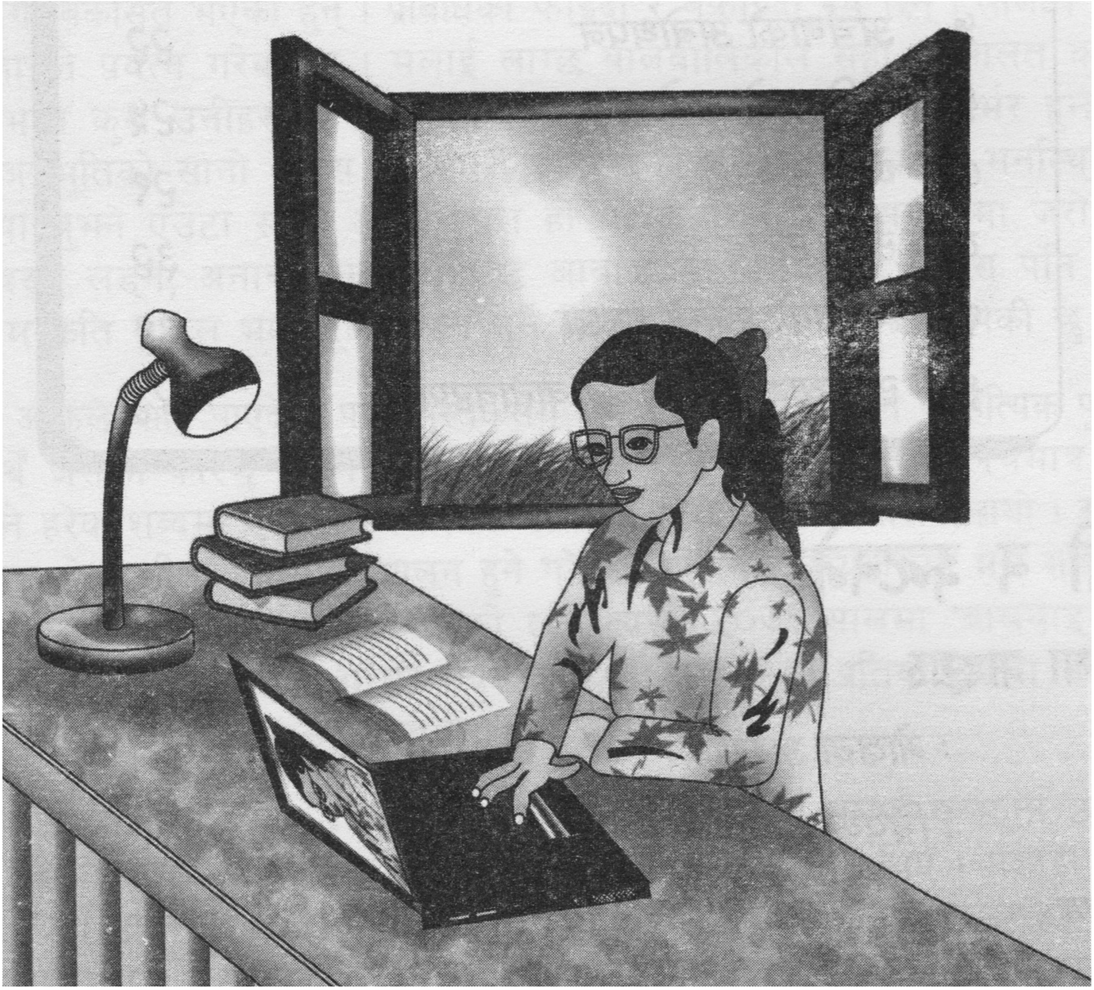
"No mom, I don't get spoilt. She missed it but I don't, ok mom !," tried Ivery to persuade her mother.

"Don't nag me. Go to study at once, you know," asked mother annoyingly .

"Then get the internet connected. Several homeworks can't be done without net. How long to go to Yashashwi's place?" complained she, sitting down on the sofa.

"Have your snacks and begin your study. Don't make a fuss over minor things," complained mother irately putting a plate of *Parotha* on the T-table.

"If so, I take nothing from today onwards. I need internet



at any cost." reacted Ivery nastily and headed towards her room.

"How obstinate you are, you naughty gal !," murmured mother. Ivery didn't come out till evening.

"What is she doing in her room ?" Mother thought so and peeped in her room. Ivery was turning the pages of the book and sadly sitting down on the chair lowering her head. The books were scattered on the floor chaotically.

Ivery's father came back home from his daily duty. "If you become first, I'll connect the net, I gave you a word, didn't I ? Then,

why getting angry, you gentle gal ?," said he on being informed of her anger. He congratulated her on being first in the test.

At once father consulted her mother, "Let's see, what she'll do if we give her net facility." Mother put the condition saying, "If your study weakens, the net will be disconnected, you see!"

"Did you listen, babe?," asked her father. "Ok, it's alright. I'll do better, not worse," replied Ivery.

On her utmost happiness, she had her meal more than ever and did her homework quite eagerly and seriously.

After around one and half months, Ivery's mother went to school to pay her fee about which Ivery was uninformed.

"What mischief did you make?" asked her mother annoyingly.

"What did I do ?" Ivery felt gloomy.

"If you didn't do any misdeed, why would the principal ask to meet your dad ?," asked mother curtly.

" How do I know ?" Ivery expressed her ignorance.

"Why did the principal intend to visit you ?," mother asked her father in the course of having evening meal. Father clarified the mother that he wanted to know about the home tutor.

"Home tutor ? We have no home tutor, do we ? Then ?," amazed mother.

"You're right. I myself got confused for a moment. Only after he informed that Ivery has done better in both maths and science, I realized the mystery." The principal explained, "Ivery has solved the mathematical problems more easily and differently. She searches new things in science too. Not only that, she has

accomplished all the project works." Hence, he wanted to know who such a skilful teacher was.

When mother learnt that her daughter's study was better than before, she felt quite pleased.

"How did you learn such things ?" Mother asked Ivery while having meal.

Then Ivery unhesitatingly replied that they all were due to net.

Hearing this, father cautioned her citing principal that she has to use the net properly, otherwise it might spoil too.

"I know that papa. Our teachers have told us that we have to take the necessary help from our guardians. Moreover, I've to do better than earlier and keep your head high," ensured Ivery .

On listening to their kids commitment, the parents became glad inwardly too.

Palpasa's Realization

"What are you doing Palpasa ? You didn't have snacks properly," asked Arati ma'am. Arati was palpasa's most favourite teacher. Palpasa studies in grade four. She used to be first till last year. However, her study was worsening day by day. There was unseen change in her habit.

"Actually nothing ma'am," replied Palpasa. Olive-complexioned Palpasa was putting on neat shirt and frock and wore her hair in pig tails.

"Then why sitting alone and not playing with mates ?," inquired Arati ma'am out of curiosity.

"I'm interested in neither eating nor playing."

"Oh, so let's go towards the garden and have a chat, shan't we ?," asked Arati ma'am pointing at the garden.

"Wow ! sure ma'am. Let's move," responded she and headed towards the garden.

It was midday Specks of dust could be seen around the area. Some students were running here and there while others were taking their tiffin.

At once Arati ma'am held her both elbows and asked, "You don't like to study these days . Am I right ?"

Nodding her head in shame, she confessed, "Yes, ma'am." Caressing her, ma'am asked, "But..... why?"

"Mom usually scolds me."

"Who combed your hair today ?," asked ma'am holding the braid.

"Mom," was her brief reply.

Ma'am inquired, "Who gives you snacks ? Who provides you with all your needs ?"

"Mom, prepares snacks," hinted Palpasa with slight uneasiness, adding, "but she doesn't meet my demands as she does for my younger brother Apis." Palpasa burst into tears lying prostrate in Arati's lap.

She went on saying tearfully, "If I requst her to bring cheese, she dillydallies but if Apis says, she does at once."

"Oh, that's not too bad. Then you are crying over that ? How old is your brother ?," asked Arati ma'am.

"Four years," replied Palpasa.

"Does he know everything then ?," asked Arati ma'am again.

"Not actually. Sometimes he beats me and pull my hair innocently. But I don't like it," went on Palpasa a bit unhesitatingly, "even then mama pampers him. Brother beats me and shrieks,

but mama chides me."

"Can your brother get the point ?," questioned Arati ma'am.

"No, ma'am. Mama has to teach him everything," answered Palpasa gently.

"How gentle you are Palpasa !," coddled Arati ma'am," you understand everything. Your mom loves you a lot. Mom pretended to love him more than you but reality is otherwise. Just because of her slight scolding, he may cry since he is a tiny tot. Do you know that, my gentle babe ?"

Palpasa nodded as if she understood what her teacher said and realized her own fault too.

"So, don't annoy your mama and tease your brother even playfully, ok ?" Ma'am coaxed her, "Then both brother and mommy love you."

"Ok ma'am," said Palpasa and flew away to the group of schoolmates.

The next day was scheduled to have a dance competition. So, it was announced half-holiday that day. Palpasa went straight. She didn't irritate her mum and neither did she tease her brother. After few minutes, Apis came to her playing delightfully. Both of them became pleased and played together.

When ommy saw this, she smiled. Arati ma'am convinced Palpasa at her request. She telephoned Arati ma'am to thank her. When Arati ma'am said that the pleasure of babe was their own pleasure, telephone line disconnected.

★★★

Sagacious Sulav

"Babe ! Hey babe !! Come to have meal. What are you doing ? It's getting late. Why aren't you coming ?," murmered grandma entering Sulave's room who was putting on apron over long-sleeved blouse and sari; "Look what a mess of books ? Can't you pile up orderly ?" She grabbed the book and hurled away.

Sulav's mommy used to work in an office. That's why, she wasn't able to give her time to her son and home. After two months of his birth, mommy began to give the onus of his upbringing. Now Sulav studies in grade six. He is lovingly looked after by his grandma. He was wearing T-shirt and half-pants. He protested at once, "Grandma........!"

"You are reading the same story, aren't you ? All have gone to sleep. Shouldn't you eat anything ?," inquired grandma annoyingly.

"Grandma..... ! Even you don't understand me ? What mischief did I make by reading book ? I finished my assignment, finished the lesson and beginning to read *Muna'* in order to get refreshed." Holding the magazine 'Muna' he reaffirmed her, "Look , how knowledgeable matters are included here ?"

"There is not any benefit reading such crap. Is anything written by you published ?," expressed herself angrily.

Hearing this from his granny of '*Muna*', Sulav took out the old issues from the pile of books hastily and showed it to her," Look ! Here is my poem. There are crossword puzzles, general knowledge, biographies and many more knowledgeable matters, aren't there ?"

"Ok ok, they are alright. And these unnecessary books ?," inquired grandma pointing towards the stack of books. Trying to convince his granny, Sulav said, "These are highly precious books, grandma. You can't understand. These books boost up our creative knowledge."

"I know, I know. Teach your father to get children ! Who said this nonsense to you ?" Grandma questioned Sulav incredibly.

"Adarsha sir and Anuja ma'am said that. If you don't believe, what can I do ?," replied Sulav a bit bitterly.

"They might have told you playfully. I think," said she slight softly when Sulav cited the name of Adarsha sir and Anuja ma'am.

"Not only because they told us so, we also know that. There is a lot to study and know apart from reading text. We can get the things quite clearly then. Then they thank us," Sulav tried to coax his granny by saying so.

"I can't understand easily what you say. Ok, you can study as you like. However, it mustn't hamper your regular textbook study," convinced granny.

"Ok, it's alright, grandma. Be sure granny, your grandson doesn't spoil his study. By the way, let's go for meal now, shan't we ?," said Sulav giving nod to her remark.

Then, both of them went towards the kitchen. "If your study thrives, I'll ask your mother to bring such books," confirmed grandma serving meal.

Sulav glanced grandma unbelievably.

Facebook and Friendship

Feeling that there was sweltering sun, my mother stopped me and lovingly said, "The sun is sweltering, so take an umbrella, ok ?"

Being stubborn, I went to school without taking an umbrella. The previous day was off day which might be the reason why I felt lazy. I hurried to school holding the bag full of books wearing pig-tailed hair.

As I was about to sit on the bench as usual, Kaya remarked," Aren't you getting mad, Kanti ?"

"Why ? What happened ?," asking her in surprise, I put my bag on the desk .

Kaya asked me startlingly, "Huh, don't you know anything ?."

Expressing ignorance, I asked, "I couldn't get what you intend to say."

Kaya clarified, "Why did you frighten me by opening a fake facebook account in the name 'Sojhi princess ma' ?

"Me ?," I got puzzle dlistening to her.

"Then who, if not you ?," amazed almond- shaped –eyed Kaya, "the eyes of profile picture are exactly identical to yours."

With rage I said, "I've not updated my facebook either, why should I open next fake account ? Someone might have befooled you."

Kaya stressed, "Really ! If you don't believe, search yourself on going back home."

I wasn't interested to read on that day. I was feeling anxious. I couldn’t set my mind to study, except to her incredible remark.

Before going back home, I asked Kaya to be online and come to chat without any delay and hurriedly got back home.

After getting home, I changed my uniform in haste and switched on my computer even without having any snacks. Just as I saw the signal of internet, I heard mother's voice– "Dear ! why are you sticking in computer only ? Come here to have snacks."

"Just a moment mom ! I've something to do here right now, ok ?" persuaded her and began to type the Facebook ID considered to be fake in the computer placed in the corner Facebook opened. I glanced through the chat groups, but didn't see Kaya online. I ran my eyes looking up friend request list but no such request in the name 'Sojhi princess ma.' I went thoroughly. All of sudden my eyes stopped at seeing 'Sojhi princess ma'. There was not any of difference between my eyes and the eyes in the profile picture.

She was online. I sent friend request but she didn't accept it. Till then, Kaya was also seen online. She sent a message that read 'did you search Kanti ?'

I typed, "Yes, I searched but she didn't accept my request. But, what the same sort of eyes !"

Kaya replied, "Not only the eyes, audio sound forwarded is also the same. Please wait, I'll forward it to you."

The audio voice sounded the same as mine. However, there was vulgarity and crap. I was amazed as to who had made this mischief.

"Somebody might be blackmailing me. That's why I consult with my papa, bye !" I typed so and sent without caring the response and logged it out. I also shut down the computer and went towards drawing room.

Father had already arrived. He was busy watching news.

At once he switched it off. Sensing that I was sad, he asked, "What happened, my honey ? You look too sad today."

Sitting on sofa beside him, I replied, "Papa, someone is blackmailing me opening fake facebook ID."

He asked me, ''But how did you know ?" I told him everything in detail.

There are such several cases in which we can't do anything but the police can. Hence, we have to take the support of the police force. Go and consult the neighbouring uncle and I'll come immediately after having tea, ok ?," said Papa.

Neighbouring uncle Niraj was a policeman. I instantly went to his place. Glancing at me aunt Salina went to kitchen saying, "Oho, Kanti ! How did you come surprisingly ? You might have missed your trail today ! Ok, I'll bring tea. Be seated, will you ?"

"Sorry auntie, I won't drink tea. I'm coming just to see uncle," clarified I sitting on sofa of highly decorated room with artificial flowers.

"Oh, really ! Alright, he is changing his clothes," informed auntie going back to the kitchen.

Probably uncle might have heard our dialogue. So, immediatly after changing his clothes, he came out and asked, "Why ? What happened, Kanti ?"

As I was about to start my mysterious and terrible event, daddy came and began himself.

Shaking hand with Papa, uncle promised, "I'll surely support you."

Then Niraj uncle asked me, "Can you play the audio, Kanti ?"

"Of course, uncle but how about going to our place ?," requested me. He darted towards his room saying, "Ok, wait a moment and I'll bring my laptop."

Immediately after his arrival, we three headed towards our home and went to computer room straight. In a corner of that room, there was a computer and a study table. Similarly, bed was just nearby window. The cupboard, full of photos, medals and certificates as well as books and stationary materials was leaning against the wall. I sat down a chair beside computer and so did papa and uncle.

Playing audio and showing the eyes, uncle concluded, "Audio might be prepared by means of computer but the eyes have been cropped from your own photo."

I got scared and asked, "What to do uncle ?"

He comforted, "Don't worry Kanti. I've handled so many such cases. I'll find a way out."

He switched on his laptop and asked me to log on my facebook. After operating laptop for a few minutes, he made a call and said, "Now I found at the location of this Facebook."

At once papa and uncle dashed out saying, "We 'll come back soon. You just stay here doing your assignment."

Feeling uneasy and restless, I did my homework. Only after a moment, uncle and papa came back along with Kaya.

I stared embarrassingly, "But Kaya ! Why did you accompany her ?"

Putting on T-shirt and pants Kaya bowed down and confessed, "Sorry Kanti, actually I wanted to make a fun with you only."

"Kaya, you rascal ! I've never expected such immoral deeds from you." All of sudden I became sentimental and reminded her, "You might be imprisoned, Kaya, on cybercrime. Didn't we study a couple of days before ?"

Eyes full of tears, Kaya said sobbingly, "I'm really sorry, Kanti. It won't happen again."

Uncle said, "Forgive her, Kanti. She is feeling regret. It is said 'To err is human and to forgive devine. She has realized that it is her blunder."

"Ok uncle, if you say so but on a condition only I can forgive her," said I.

"Condition !"

"Kaya has to block her Facebook account. Even then, She can't be fully trusted. There is no relation of friendship." When I said so, Kaya's eyes were full of tears.

Kaya blocked the facebook ID 'Sojhi princess me' taking the support of uncle and went home. From that day onward, we have no speaking terms. Facebook shattered our friendship to shreds.

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Archana's Innocence

"Mommy, mommy, when shall we go to buy our clothes ? Isn't it Fulpati tomorrow ?" said Archana to her mother.

"Yes, sis. All the friends bought the clothes. What's more, Banti's parents have bought him cycle too," Said Arpan, a tot in T-shirt and half–pants, supporting Archana.

However, mother replied somewhat curtly, "Undoubtedly, Dashain is our greatest festival. The relatives staying separately due to different reasons come together on this special occasion. We must spend our time through merry making. But you are tormenting your mom, aren't you ?"

Archana, being just like dull by wearing frock, said, "You may be right mom. But when to eat delicious food and put on beautiful clothes, even if not in Dashain ?"

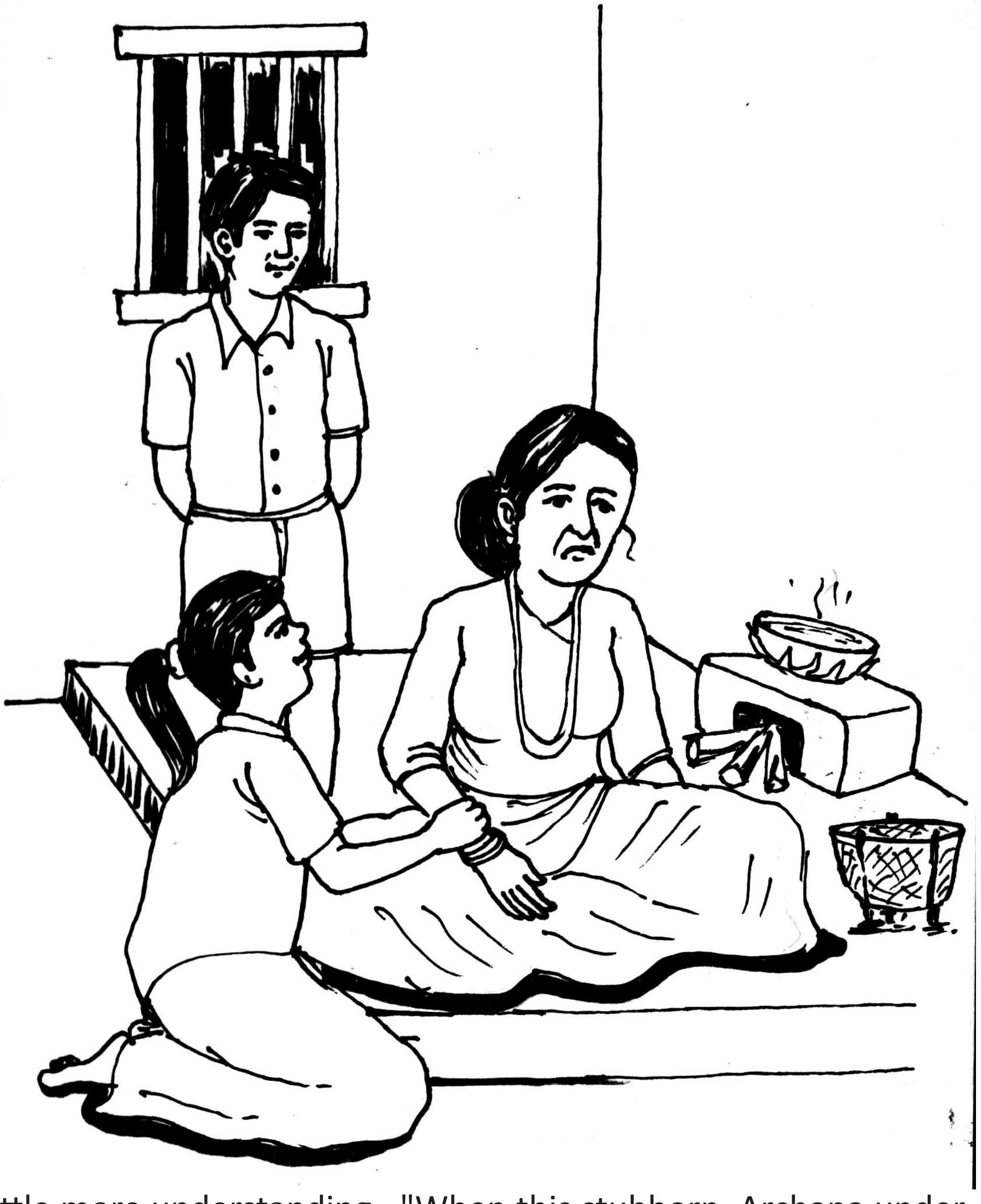
"Sure, We have to enjoy. But we can wash the old clothes and put on, can't we ?," Mother tried to coax both Arpan and Archana.

"Mommy ….. Shittala has a beautiful Lehnga," said Archana irritatingly, "I don't have even a single piece of clothes."

"Hey my cute dolly ! You know that," said mother hugging Archana and shedding tears from her eyes, "single earning of mine has supported the family after the sudden disapperrance of your papa."

Arpan seemed dumb-founded and serious, he felt regret supporting his sister.

"That's what I said …….," said Arpan trying to show himself a



little more understanding , "When this stubborn Archana understands mother's difficulty ?"

"Ok, ok, You understand everything," said Archana abruptly. "My god ! Come here Archana," tried to coax Arpan by taking

her away holding her hand, "this home has been run through the single earning of mom. She has paid our school fee on time even if she isn't able to buy us new clothes. Didn't you see how Shittal and Banti were standing for not paying their fees ? Their father was disappeared in conflict era and never came back. Arpan convinced Archana saying the same.

Of course, I know ! She has educated us with a lot of difficulty. Now free my hand," saying so Archana flew away towards her mother. Mother was in the kitchen. She entered the kitchen. Fidgeting the border of sari with hand, she said, "Mommy, please make my last year's frock stylish by washing, ok ?"

Archana was staring at her mother compassionately.

Listening to her beloved daughter her eyes were full of tears. She tried to fight back the tears but Archana saw it. She tried to say something but Archana stopped her, "Mommy why are you shedding tears ? Please don't cry. After I become matured, I'll earn a lot of money and fulfil your desires.

"My beloved daughter is very gentle. Ok, go and complete your project work," urged her mother.

Mother thought to herself, "How fast and easily the kids have realized their papa's absence. They are really understanding. Plunging herself in the harrowing memory of her husband's disappearance. Tears began to well down unknowingly.

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Anita's Determaination

"Auntie, let 's go somewhere for enjoying *Dar* (delicious meal before fasting)," said Anita entering the kitchen who was clad in whitish frock, "Ashik and Pratima are also planning so."

"No, dear. Actully, we have *Dar* just a day before Teej festival," said Asha to her niece Pratima in the hope of coaxing, who was clad in apron over Kurta Salwar and preparing meal.

Anita's family is joint family where there are uncle and aunt, big Papa and big mama, grandpa and grandma along with mommy and daddy of Anita. Cooking is mostly performed by Asha auntie. Anita was more familiar and closer with auntie so she would be able to express her desire with her. Thus even that day she did the same.

Anita said persistently, "No, you just talk about our tradition and culture but never agree with me."

"The women begin to have *Dar* for a month these days. It is a decadence infused in the name of culture. Due to this there is kind of potential fear that the originality of *Dar* taking system might be forgotten one day," convinced Asha.

"What does 'perversion' mean, auntie?," asked Anita in a childlike mannar.

"Perversion actually means a sort of wrong tradition which may harm the society to a large extent," replied she, filling water in a jug.

"What sort of harm, auntie ?," asked Anita, following her footsteps.

"Disappearance of our original tradition may harm it. You and the kids of your age might learn and practice perversion in the

name of tradition. They may torment the parents unreasonably," responded Anita in order to appease curiosity.

Anita couldn't get the point as to how it was decadence having *Dar*.

"Having *Dar* itself isn't any perversion. However, having it

without any rhyme and reason is decadence. *Dar* is taken only the previous night of Teej to satisfy hunger. However, having *Dar* haphazardly other times is to waste both time and money," clarified auntie.

Anita innocently asked, "Don't you have plenty of money?"

Asha got shocked at listening to Anita. They tried their best for their kids for not feeling of scarcity of anything. Even so, Anita questioned regarding wealth which wondered her. Anyway, she went to the kitchen silently.

Anita got puzzled when auntie gave no response.

"Are you getting angry, auntie ? I won't torture you in the days ahead. Please don't get annoyed, ok ! I won't be doctor in future but a social reformer and awareness raiser," promised Anita.

"Alright. You can go to play now," asked Asha to send Anita outside. Anita went out to the ground promising not to play, but to talk about social anomalies. Asha got amazed seeing innocence and ignorance. She gazed at her until Anita got vanished.

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Jeni and shower

"Today you look quite glad Jeni, don't you ?" Abira asked Jeni, "You' re right Abira. I'm really feeling delighted, "Jeni replied Abira glancing at her," There is no likelihood of stopping of rainfall and I've no brolly either. We can get wet and enjoy."

"That's not fun but problem," remarked Abira as if being slight understanding," you talk non-sense. And what to do with bag ? Do you soak that too ?"

Jeni and Abira were the close colleagues. Jeni was little restless while Abira was fairly sober and gentle too.

"No no, don't think me absurd." Jeni responded Abira.

"I'll leave the bag at school. Mommy will surely scold me for not taking umbrella. Convincing her by taking brolly, I'll get back to take bag."

"I'll rather accompany you up to your place, Jeni. You will fall sick after getting wet. Please follow my humble advice. Jeni," tried Abira to persuade Jeni.

"I'm sorry, when I said I'd get wet, I'll do the same. How joyful it is to get wet !," showed Jeni her haughty nature .

Abira was well aware of the fact that nothing could be done before her arrogance. She was very much familiar to Jeni. Hence, Jeni went alone leaving her behind.

Jeni was soaking wet, yet, seemed to be beaming. She was feeling quite delighted to fulfil her longing.

Mother began to reprimand her seeing her rather wet saying, "Did you leave your bag, Jeni ? Go and change the clothes at once,

or else your Pneumonia may recur. I'll go and bring the bag." Jeni got startled. She couldn't even speak a single word let alone coaxing her. Mother set out to school at once.

Jeni changed her clothes, went to her room and sat on the bed. She began to ponder, "Mommy says that Pneumonia recurs. When was I suffering from Pneumonia ? Actually I should have followed Abira. Be that as it may, I'll ask mommy what had happened."

Mother came back after a moment with a sigh. In order to leave the bag unsoaked, she got herself wet. Hence, she got into the room and changed her wet clothes.

"Mommy, was I suffering from Pneumonia in the past ?," asked Jeni.

"Yes, immediately after your birth," replied mother while preparing snacks.

"Oh --------!" Jeni responded and sat down to have snacks. After having snacks Jeni went towards her room saying, "I'm going to do my homework."

She began to do her homework. While doing homework, she had a sudden headache. She lay down the bed and didn't get up for a long time. She didn't go to kitchen even after mother called her many times. So mother went to her room.

When mother entered the room, Jeni was sleeping. She felt Jeni's forehead. Jeni had severe fever and lying on the bed unconscious.

"Oh, she has headache," mother thought to herself.

"Jeni, Jeni --------," She called her daughter.

"You don't know. How funny it is to soak in shower ! ,"Jeni was mumbling senselessly in dream due to typhomania.

'Now she has to be taken to hospital,' thought herself and called a taxi.

"All these miseries and ailments when noone is at home !," muttered she until the taxi came.

Jeni was taken to hospital instantly. After an initial diagnosis the doctor said, "Your daughter has been worse affected by cold. Did she suffer this way previously too ?"

"Yes, doctor. she can't combat coldness. She got Pneumonia

in her babyhood."

"You must have taken ample pre-cautions earlier," advised doctor.

Mother became speechless. Jeni was sleeping. It had already dawned. It was holiday being Saturday.

Abira went to Jeni. However, she saw noone and inquired. When she got information that Jeni was taken to hospital by her mother, she went there accompanying her own mother. When Abira reached there, Jeni had already got up.

"What happened to you Jeni ?," asked Abira nervously.

"Due to disobedience as you said," replied Jeni.

"What disobedince of what I said ?," startled Abira.

"Yesterday 's event ……. recurring of my Pneumonia ," clarified Jeni.

"I'm sorry Abira, sorry mama ……." Jeni apologized, "I didn't follow you. I won't be stubborn from today onwards."

From that day onwards, Jeni began to listen to everyone and became gentle and understanding.

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Rote Learning

"Ding-dong ……..! Ding-dong ! …….Ding-dong ……..!" went the bell. The students headed towards their classroom panting and sweating. On scampering in the sweltering sun, the students began to study social studies.

"MeKo SaJaNa BaGaLu DhRa BheSeKaMa," attempted the students to learn the formula of zones by heart.

Ramesh, the teacher for Social Studies, clad in tie and suit, entered the classroom with a stick in his hand. The students stood as a rule. He commanded to sit down glancing all directions.

"Sir came to class. He would ask certainly," whispered Suman with his friend sitting beside him.

After glancing briefly at all directions, the teacher asked, "Tell me something about unit- 2, Suman." Suman stood startled and scared at the rod held by the teacher. His classmates tried to chuckle hiding their face behind the desk.

"Hey, shut up !," the teacher banged the cane on the desk. The students suppressed their giggle.

Suman began to explain the unit-2 as he understood. Perhaps the teacher disliked his way. Hence, he stressed, "Explain as it is mentioned in the book. Don't tell me the invented story. Couldn't you learn by heart that much ?"

"Sorry sir, I attempted to learn by heart but couldn't. That's why I made up myself," said suman fearfully.

"Are you being outsmart expressing invented details ?," expressing his rage the teacher caned Suman. All the students looked at Suman suppressing their breath. Suman stood silently. The teacher once again caned Suman.

"Sorry sir, sorry sir, I'll learn by heart," apologized Suman with the eyes full of tears."Why don't you study what I say ? Still saying sorry !,"beat the teacher again with the stick and slapped too. Then Suman collapsed due to deadly blow. There was the mark of fingers on his cheek. Thereafter, he wasn't able to stand. He sat leaning his head on the desk. After a while, the teacher went out but Suman didn't rise.

After the teacher went out of their classroom, the benchmates jerked, "Suman !" However, he showed no respone.

"I think Suman might be fainted," asked a benchmate. There was a commotion in the class.

"Hey Anisha ! I think we have to inform our head teacher," called somebody by her name. There was a rule that the class monitor must have circulated the information to the head teacher in case there might be any special case. Anisha was class monitor. Hence the classmates took her name. Anisha went closer to

Suman. In fact, he lay unconscious on the desk.

"Suman !," tried Anisha to wake him up by jerking his elbow but in vain. So, she said," We are likely to inform the head teacher. Let's go to office, Anuja."

On reaching the door of head teacher's room, Anisha knocked on the door and said, "Excuse me, sir !"

"Hmm, what happened ? Why are you coming ?," asked the head teacher glancing at them, while writing something on his own table.

"Suman seems to be fainted, sir !," informed Anisha bending her head.

"Hmm, what happened ?," amazed he.

"Social Studies, sir ......," spoke both Anisha and Anuja in a similar vein but didn't complete their remark.

"Sir ....? What may happen ? Ok, let's go," preceded head teacher followed by the girls. Suman was in the earlier condition even after the head teacher got the classroom, but other students remained quiet.

On observing suman, he asked other students about the incident. Anisha informed him that all the things happened in Social Studies period.

The head teacher asked, "Suman's health was already feeble, wasn't it ?"

"Yes sir. He is rather weak, sir," replied all in the same voice.

"He is not very serious. Fetch him to office, Prakash and Hari," asked he. He also called some more students in his office.

He urged them to apply a strip of wet cloth on his fore-

head and feet. Meanwhile, he telephoned somewhere. He was talking about Suman over the phone, so they guessed that he must have contacted Suman's guardian. After ending his call, he asked the office helper to call Ramesh, the Social Studies teacher.

It was a coincidence that when Ramesh sir entered the office, Suman regained his consciousness.

"What happened to you Suman ?," asked the headteacher.

"Sir, I was about to tell the answer on my own, but Ramesh sir ....," furnished his carlification bowing his head in uneasiness.

"Did you come to school on an empty stomach ?,"enquired the head teacher.

Suman bowed his head unanswered.

"Ramesh sir, You are narrowly safe from a fatal accident today," said the head teacher.

"Accident .... sir !," pretended Ramesh sir as if he understood nothing.

"I had suggested you to change the teaching techniques and methodologies earlier too, but you paid no heed !," exploded the head teacher with rage.

"Did you beat Suman black and blue for not learning his text by heart ?," interrogated the head teacher aggressively.

"Sir, my intention was to make them learn only," replied Ramesh.

"But do you know the student got fainted due to your penalty ?," queried the head teacher .

In a slight realization tone, Ramesh replied, "But I don't think I punished severely, sir. Anyway, I'm sorry sir."

"No rote learning is useful in this modern era. Don't you know that rote learning is nothing more than parroting? Why don't you encourage the students being creative, huh ? Why do you ask them to learn by heart only ?," interrogated the head teacher adding, "I know that you are doing all this for the betterment and effective teaching-learning. But you can't make the learning effective through terror. You need to realize it from the bottom of your heart."

"Ok sir, I'll try to put it into my practice," said Ramesh feeling ashamed.

He even consoled the students, "My dear students, Ramesh sir didn't punish and terrorise Suman to harm him, but to inspire him to learn,'' adding, ''Suman didn't become senseless through his penalty, but through his hunger and infirmity. Don't you think so, Suman ?" He tried to convince the students in his mild tone.

Suman nodded his head in agreement .

"Now you can go to class. Do the exercise given by the teachers carefully. Even Ramesh sir will teach you differently," affirmed the headteacher.

The students went to their classroom. Thereafter, Ramesh changed his teaching technique. The students were willing to take his class interestingly. They scored high marks in his subject. From that day onwards, he never compelled the students to learn by heart. If the students thought so, they used to learn themselves by heart on the need basis.

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